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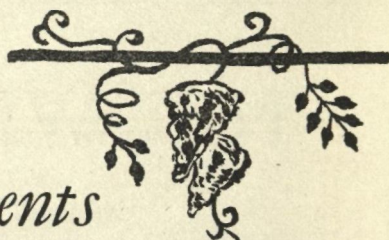
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Foreword

*I*N an issue devoted to science of the South, the Wesleyan must necessarily be limited in scope. Always a land of imagination, beauty and melody, the South has not progressed so far in the scientific realm as in others. But her standing is not a matter of discouragement, only inspiration to those who think they labor in vain to increase their efforts.

If Southern scientists are lacking sometimes, it is not because Southern men are not fitted to do great research and laboratory work. It is because men born south of the Mason and Dixon line, desiring to obtain a complete scientific education, go north of that line for their instruction, accept advantageous offers, and do a great work for the scientific world in other quarters.

The history of the Southern past is filled with a galaxy of leaders in many fields. The future can well be devoted to an art modern in development but far-reaching in its effects—science.

Contributing Editors

Miss Carrie Lou Allgood, author of the Thanksgiving prayer, is a talented writer of feature articles, whose style and deep thought have made her contribution a work of real art.

Among the welcomed new contributors are Miss Sara Clyde Adams, '28, and Miss Mary Myers, '27. Miss Elizabeth Davies is well known in Wesleyan circles for her charming dialect stories of last year.

Miss Mamie Harmon and Miss Frieda Kaplan are two town girls who have been warm supporters of the magazine ever. Their quills are always busy, but they never seem to satisfy the demands of their readers.

Miss Dorothy Blackmon, a sophomore town girl, is the author of *Masquerade Mystery*, a charming little story with a modern flair of rapid action and bewildering moments.

Miss Naomi Smith, who wrote some for the magazine during her sophomore

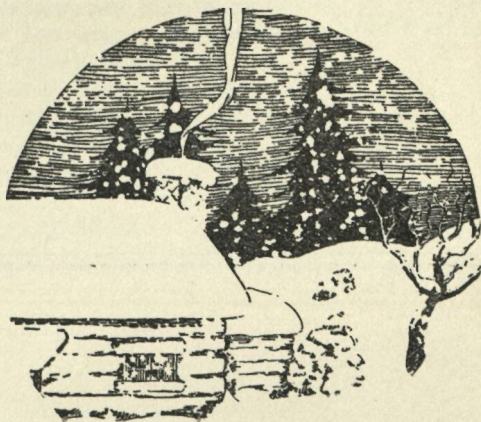
year, is back with the readers again, presenting an unusual sketch, *The Armistice*.

One of the most prolific writers as well as one of the most talented is Miss Dorothy McKay, whose poem *Sometimes* is exquisitely done.

That she writes feature stories as well as poems, stunts, and Watchtower columns Miss Katherine Catchings has proved in this issue with her interview on Southern Scientists.

An unusual introduction and good suspense characterize Miss Fairfid Mon-salvatge's contribution, *Thanksgiving for Three*. Her stories have a style peculiarly their own, interesting to all Wesleyan readers.

Another freshman contribution comes from the pen of Miss Allene Brown, who comes to Wesleyan from the Cordele High School. She has swung into the spirit of Ye Olde Time Thanksgiving with admirable ease and clarity.



Thanksgiving Prayer

OH! Thou giver of every good and perfect gift, we thank Thee for Autumn, for tinted leaves that manifest the art of Thy hand, for the rich harvest that reveals the bounds of Thy goodness, for full coffers that are given as a trust from Thee. All-Giving Father, we thank Thee for material blessings.

For ideals that stir us to give of our best, for visions of a better world to be, for faith to believe that our mission here is to hasten the coming of that world, for the challenge to live and love and serve, for each Divine urge, God of the Immortal, we thank Thee.

We thank Thee for that which is greater than all of these. In our friendships it is a spark of Thy richest blessing; in our homes it is a bit of Heaven. It beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. It will banish race barriers, national strife, prejudice, hatred, selfishness. It will establish peace, good will, and brotherhood in the social world, the political world and the religious world. It will kindle in every heart a kinship to Thee. It will bring Heaven on earth. Most Holy Father, we thank Thee for love.

Amen.

CARRIE LOU ALLGOOD.

Realities

By ELIZABETH DAVIES



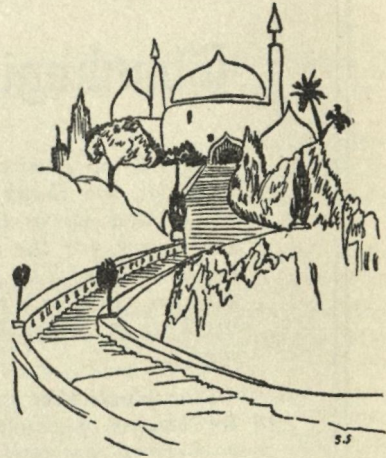
AH JOVE, I'm really becoming quite disconcerted over this thing! After four years . . . it is strange that I should have become sufficiently interested in a girl's picture to go over a thousand miles to see her for the first time in reality—I've seen her often enough in my dreams!"

Here Bob Baldwin, Jr., took out a small leather case enclosing a mere snapshot of two girls and gazed rather quizzically at it for some time.

"I wonder how Mother will like you—will like you! No, I don't mean 'would', for back to Philadelphia with me you shall come, if . . . I say, you're almost too feminine looking to write such thoughtful letters. Sibyl, my girl, nobody would suspect your true character from this baby-face of yours. You must be a wonder . . . My dreams of you have been, but realities are quite different from dreams. I shall see for myself in a few more hours, glory be! . . . This friend of yours, though, must be your loadstar for the time being; she's the one who looks profound—just the girl old Jim Coleman would fall for. He's a good sport, though, and I am indebted to him for that letter of introduction to you. Huh, it's time for him to wake up, anyhow. Wake up, Jim, we'll soon be in Rivoli!"

Four years ago Bob had seen a kodak picture of two girls in the room of his chum, Jim Coleman, then a freshman at Harvard. One of them was Kitty Matthews, Jim's friend, and Sibyl Callahan, her room-mate at Wesleyan College down in Georgia, where they were then freshmen. Bob had been attracted by Sibyl's picture, and he had promptly appropriated it. He had glanced at the other girl and said,

"Say, Jim, this girl of yours isn't a native of Chile, is she?"



Jim politely threw a shoe at him and replied,

"No, you idiot, haven't I told you that her father is a missionary down there to the 'natives', as you call 'em, though they are civilized folks like us."

"Well, how did you meet her then? You didn't do any missionary work down there, did you?"

"O, confound you, Bob, if you'd ever take your head out of the clouds long enough to listen to what people are saying, you'd remember something sometime."

"Well, I'm listening—"

"For once, yes. Anyhow I shan't tell you again after this that I met her on the boat coming home from Chile last summer."

"You went down there to do research work in botany, didn't you?"

"Yes, and found the prettiest flower on the boat!"

"Puns are the very lowest form of wit, Mr. Coleman!"

"You shut up, Mr. Baldwin! You know, Bob, if I didn't know you well, I might sometimes call you sissy—hey, look out, here boy! I didn't mean it!"

"Then you take that back, sir. But

why would you say so, Jim?"

"Because you are so punctilious in dress and manner, and because you're such a formal, dignified little cuss with the girls that you really make a hit with most of 'em."

"I wonder if I could make one with this little lady. I might step down and see sometime, eh? Who did you say she is?"

"She's Kitty's room-mate down at Wesleyan in Georgia. From what Kitty says, she must be rather unusual. She is from a fine old Southern family with ideals and family traditions, you know. Kitty says she is unusually wholesome and fresh, though. She helps Kit out a great deal, I think. Bless her heart, she's a dependent little thing who needs someone to take care of her. Maybe someday . . . who knows . . ."

"O mush! Let's talk about Sibyl some more. I say, old boy, don't you 'spose she'd consent to write me if you'd help me manage it properly through your friend, Miss Matthews?"

His hopes had been realized, and now for four years he and Sibyl had corresponded regularly. This had apparently developed into a wholesome friendship, but there was an undercurrent of something else . . .

And now he was speeding fast towards the South with Jim to be present at her senior recital in violin, and at the graduation exercises of the university.

* * * *

And how was Sibyl awaiting him? She had—horrors!—gone fishing. It came about in this way: in the afternoon she had gone down for a last visit to her favorite haunt, the beautiful blue lake in the woods on the Greater Wesleyan campus. She had intended only to row about a bit, but she could not resist the temptation to indulge in her favorite sport. Consequently, she was very damp and very untidy. To cap the climax, she had lost most of her hair pins, and her wonderful bronze hair was about to fall down. So she sat on the

bank and took it down, and was combing it with her fingers when she heard Kitty halloaing to her across the lake. She and her little sister, Mabel, and her cousin, Jack Conner, had come to remind Sibyl that it was almost time for the boys from the North to come. Kitty loved Sibyl very much, but sometimes she grew impatient with her eccentricities. But fresh and dainty as a wild rose, she had carefully picked her way over the campus and through the woods, keeping an amused eye on her "kid" sister and Jack, who seemed to be finding a new interest in each other.

And then—

"Why, hello there, Miss Truant! This is a fine way to greet an old friend, I must say—"

"Jim!"

"Kitty!"

"Sibyl!" This from Bob in ecstasy—here was his Sibyl, his lovely dream-girl in reality!"

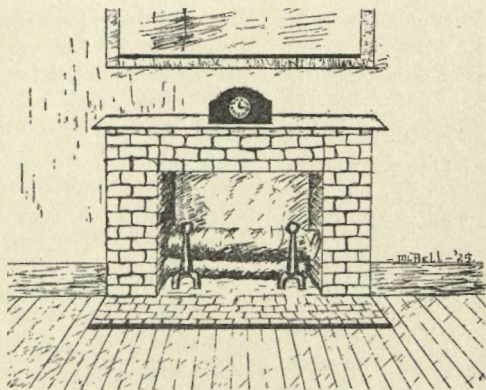
And then—explanations were disastrous. Bob was in love with the wrong picture! He tried to hold his self-control and regain his poise. But he was in a state of mental turmoil. To begin with, he was disgusted at having to walk so far "all dressed up," at the South in general, and now at Wesleyan and its associations in particular. Then he saw Sibyl—a sea-nymph in the distance. His hopes revived. She came nearer. They sank again, and then sounded the depths.

He closed his eyes and saw again the Sibyl of his dreams; he opened them and saw her in reality—and closed them tight again. She stepped from the canoe, her glorious red hair glittering in the sunset, her grey eyes sparkling with mischief and anticipation. And—there was that string of fish in her hand!

Their introduction was awkward. Neither dared glance at the other. Sibyl immediately sensed the situation and promptly resolved to "can" Mr. Robert

(Continued on page 41)

First Fire of Winter



From "CEREMONIALS OF COMMON DAYS"

By ABBIE GRAHAM

THE first fire is the symbol of winter's arrival. Winter comes not in calendar compartments; it comes with the advent of fire. When the air becomes resonant with the chopping of wood, when I see the smoke ascending from neighbors' chimneys and smell the fragrance of wood burning, I know that winter is here.

"On my own altar, I, too, make radiant offerings of wood-incense. I bring forth the driftwood blazes which I have collected for winter use: blue mountains and oceans, pine trees with white paths going in between, stars seen from a windy hill, a river road with dogwood trees and red maple, clover in blossom, words spoken and silences. With such colors are the flames tinged, with blue and green and yellow-orange and with the indescribable blue of words spoken and of silences."

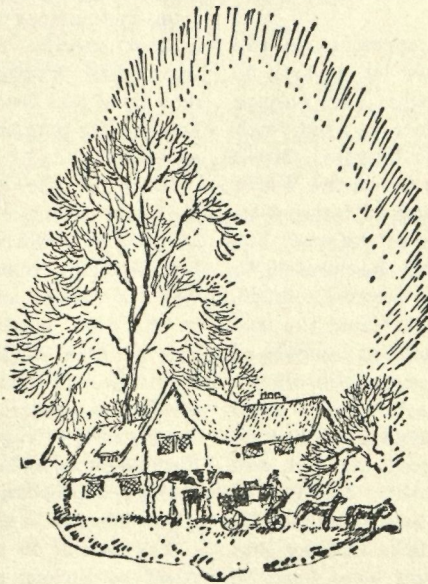
Picturesque Drabness

By ALBERTA BELL

*A gusty breeze and murky clouds afloat,
A rustling crackle of falling leaves,
A dusky vine, another somber note,
As serpent-like it winds on a drab brick wall.*

*A clump of shrubs, of foliage all bare
And bristling with their many twigs,
As men with spears arrayed for warfare;
And rusty leaves a-flutt'ring o'er the ground.*

*A lonely chinaberry tree is seen,
With shriveled, ochre-colored clusters of fruit.
In all a picture with hint of beauty serene,
Of glory that was and is to be.*



What Part Science Played in the World War

By MARY MYERS



HE horrors of the last war and contemplated future wars continue to furnish the retrospective and inquiring mind a wide field for controversy. Some one will go so far as to predict that the next war will be so scientifically prosecuted that the human race will be totally destroyed, while others go not so far in their conclusions, and are satisfied with enumerating the horrors as a result of the world's unprecedented advances in science as applied to devastation and destruction.

Over against these pessimistic prophets of disorder are those who look on both sides, weigh the strength of each, and find that advances in science are applied as well to preservation as to destruction.

We do not care to speculate in the future wars; but rather let us look at the last one, and see what part science played, and if good does not outweigh or at best mitigate the horrors. Much could be written of the use in the World War of scientific weapons of destruction and scientific weapons of defense, but the discussion now will be limited to only one phase; that is, medical science.

Two facts have differentiated the late war, according to an official bulletin of the British Medical Corps, from all the great wars of the past. These facts are the very small mortality through disease among the forces engaged, and the very small mortality among the wounded who are not hurt fatally. The French Press said in 1919 that by that time neither side would have been in a position to continue the struggle had it not been for the great advances made in medical science. Skillful surgery has always been recognized as a military necessity; but medicine, as distinct from surgery, has only recently played a capital part in the prosecution of war.

In many wars the losses from diseases have been greater than those from actual warfare. The two great weapons of medical science were sanitation and prophylactic inoculation. Malaria, one of the chief causes of disability in the Civil War and in the Spanish-American War, is now most rare.

Typhoid's sixty per cent of all deaths in the Spanish-American War has become in the World War a fraction of one per cent. Most of the deaths from diseases in the recent war were from pneumonia—the chief scourge that medicine has not yet entirely under control. These two methods of procedure adopted by medical science, sanitation and prophylactic inoculation, enable the medical men to devote their time and energy to the prevention of certain specific diseases rather than upon their treatment after they have developed and become epidemic in character. The percentages of recovery are amazing.

However, the question remains. Is the application of science to war a blessing or a horror? Dr. Kershaw refers us to the items of transport, sanitation, medicine, and surgery. Soldiers in the field, instead of resembling the starved men of the Medieval Era are sometimes the best nourished of the world's population. Fresh meat, fresh bread, fresh vegetables, pure water, durable shoes—these are now, thanks to science, the commonplaces of the firing line. Disease is all but banished.

The wound in battle is no longer in itself so serious as it once was. The error of those who argue that the horrors of applied science exceed its blessings is based upon ignorance of the soldier's life. The soldier in today's war is infinitely better off amid all his new horrors than was the soldier of

(Continued on page 42)

Passing of the Storm

By SARA CLYDE ADAMS

*Storm clouds, dark and hanging low
Skies gloomy, dreary—
And I homeward turn,
Tired, blue, and weary.*

*Wind moans and groans,
Lightning darts flash,
Wind blows swifter, colder,
Trees crash!*

*The open fire on the hearth
On all sheds a golden light;
The soft lights gleam
Far into the dark, bitter night.*

*But the soul—Is it contented
Like the firelight glow?
Or is there a surging tempest,
As on the streets below?*

*Ah, no! The surge in my heart
Greater than the tempest does roll,
For there is unrest and sadness
In the very depths of my soul.*

*But tomorrow the storm may be past,
The surging tempest be o'er;
The sunshine may shine brighter
Than ever it has shown before.*

*Tomorrow may be a gladsome dawn
When the clouds have drifted
apart.
There may come, too, as changes the
clouds,
New happiness into my heart.*

Are Girls Mathematical?

By KATHERINE ARMSTRONG



"Of course not," responded our forebears and those learned, venerable men, contemporaries of the founders of Wesleyan. And the professors engaged to teach at this fount of knowledge were sorely questioned as to the advisability of courses in mathematics and astronomy at a seminary for young ladies, each of whom, presumably, at some time in the future would be the queen of a domicile and heartside all her own.

"How would the study of trigonometry or analytical geometry help a woman in making a pudding, or how could the study of astronomy aid her in building a pigpen?" Such were the questions to which those advocating the offering of the same courses for girls as for boys must listen; but, in spite of opposition, courses in mathematics were installed and have remained until today.

"If I did not think mathematics suitable to the need of girls, I should not be here at Wesleyan," affirmed Dr. Frederick Wood, head of the mathematics department here, "There is no subject, except use of the mother tongue, which is so intimately connected with everyday life, and so necessary to the successful conduct of affairs. Wherever we turn in these days of iron, steam and electricity, we find that mathematics has been the pioneer and guarantees its results. Mathematics is one of the few characteristic types of human thought. No civilization has ever failed to evolve it, and with essentially the same results. One civilization has not found the square of the hypotenuse equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides, and another that it is twice the sum. One civilization has not found that six times seven is equal to forty-two, and another that six times seven is equal to forty-three. Again, mathematics is the tool for the study of nature, because it is impossible to un-

derstand thoroughly the phenomena. It is a subject which trains in reasoning, teaching one to draw logical conclusions with sureness and precision. It cultivates a reverence for truth; for mathematics insists on the true, without regard to authority, tradition, self-interest, or prejudice."

Then with a smile, encouraging to those girls who take "math" just because it is required before they can get that much longed for diploma, and especially to that increasing number who wish to pursue their study of mathematics still further, Dr. Wood continues.

"Many girls are entering the great graduate schools of the country and studying for the Ph. D. degree in mathematics. Furthermore, there are many are open in high schools and colleges to girls who have majored in mathematics. Furthermore there are many positions needing girls in the commercial laboratories of the country."

Dr. Wood is doing all he can to make mathematics attractive to Wesleyan girls. Not only does he encourage them in words, but he is always willing and ready to help them over some "rough place." He is the sort of a teacher girls often call a "good explainer."

"I know that every Wesleyan girl will profit from the study of mathematics," concluded Dr. Wood. "And I hope she will help spread the news that the educators of the world know no reason why any girl should fear mathematics any more than English, history, or any other subject. It is a grave injustice for any one to think that our splendid girls have not enough ability to grasp the simple important truths of mathematics."

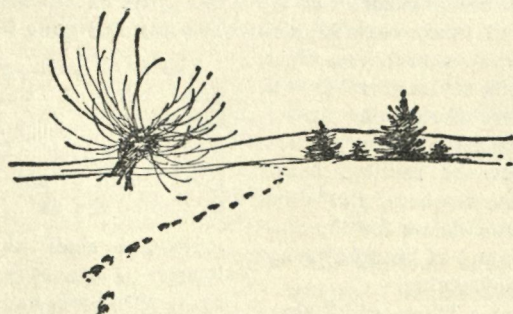
Thus the age-old question, "Are girls mathematical?" is answered conclusively, emphatically and positively by modern scientific opinions.

To You Who Come Back

By MAMIE HARMON

*It hasn't been so long since you were here,
Doing, as we do now, your simple part,
Holding to things that made worth while the art
Of living, for yourselves and those to come each year;
Until you, too, became memories—most dear,
But still just fleeting memories that wake and start
Into being at the thought of love in a heart
That is grateful for your work and presence here.*

*And now for one short moment you return,
Filled with the joy of accomplishment, of things done,
With love of the past and hope for the days to come,
Eager to help us learn as you have learned—
That we may know the treasures we now hold,
That we may love as you have loved of old.*



When Seniors are Thankful

By A MACON GIRL



Thanksgiving at Wesleyan!

Ah, what wonderful memories come to the minds of most Wesleyan girls on hearing this phrase—memories of the big old dining hall fairly covered with colored streamers, autumn leaves, vines, and flowers; of long tables crowded with overflowing platters of steaming turkey, flanked by stuffing and cranberry sauce; of row after row of smiling, happy faces—class-mates, teachers, and alumnae; of enthusiastic cheers for the class basketball teams; and of heartfelt songs of cheer and thanksgiving.

However, to me a "town girl," there come no such memories. For the three years that I have been at Wesleyan, and for several years before that, I have listened a trifle enviously to the vivid descriptions of a Wesleyan Thanksgiving. Of course, I came to the games, cheered for the Lavender and White, then departed for home, to partake of a very delicious, but equally tame

Thanksgiving dinner. The pep accumulated at the game gradually diminished and, by the close of the meal, all of the spirit of the morning had left me. The day had gone flat.

The next morning I would hear the usual tales of "the simply marvelous banquet," and little jealous pangs would shoot to my heart. Some day, I thought, I too would be able to join in the festivities of the day.

Now, I shall have to imagine no longer. I can really say for the first time, "Oh, we had the best time at the Thanksgiving banquet." I dream in vain no longer, for the seniors are all invited to the banquet.

In fact, one of the many joys of being a senior, perhaps even outshining the importance of sitting in the front of the center section of the chapel, is the opportunity of coming to the Thanksgiving banquet.

Southern Scientists and Edward Barnard

STORY OF FAMOUS DIXIE ASTRONOMER IS TOLD IN INTERVIEW WITH
PROF. LEON P. SMITH, SR., WESLEYAN PROFESSOR

By KATHERINE CATCHINGS



AND there are so few! Other than Edward E. Barnard, the South can boast of a pitifully few really great scientists, hardly more than can be counted upon one hand. No one knows the exact reason. But the South will not support scientists. Doctors are necessary, psychologists and psychiatrists are fashionable; but astronomers, geologists, chemists and physicists are superfluous. For the noble masses a pharmacist serves as doctor, chemist and psychologist, three-in-one.

In spite of the prevailing mode, however, four famous scientists have happened to be born in the South in the past century, two from Georgia and two from Tennessee. But they were forced to migrate to a more understanding, more appreciative neighborhood, and all are scattered over the west and north. There are stars in Georgia and in Tennessee which shine the same millions of miles with the same steadfastness and brilliancy as there are in California and Wisconsin, but for some reason the atmosphere is not so conducive to discovery and conjecture as in the western climes. And it was for this reason that Edward E. Barnard left his native state for the sunny west.

Born of poor parents was Edward E. Barnard, (why is every person who achieves born of poor parents? We bourgeois have a chance), on December 16, 1857. He was so poor, that, little underfed and wistful child as he was,

he "took a job" cleaning up a photographer's studio to "eke out his daily sustenance," as no doubt an aspiring Southern author would say. The little lenses, screws and knick-knacks fascinated him. He experimented and out of a rain barrel and two cast-off lenses he made a telescope. He discovered the turn half of a hitherto unknown single star, did Edward E. Barnard.

That was the beginning of his career. Friends sent him through school, where he delved deeper into the heavenly mysteries than Dyck's Siderial Heavens could follow. In his sophomore year he became known throughout as the startling young astronomer. Then at the Lick Observatory with fit apparatus he tore the haze of ignorance from the heavens and was fittingly rewarded. He received gold medals, fellowships, honors and degrees. But always he remained the simple, unpretentious man, unspoiled and still aspiring.

He was well known by people whom you and I know. Miss Virginia Wendell knew him and tells authoritatively of his birthplace in Tincup Alley, a place not safe for a woman even in the day time. Miss Virginia Garner knew him at Vanderbilt University and reminisces of his long, learned and equally dry lectures to which mobs flocked. Another faculty member who knew him is Prof. Leon P. Smith. He tells an interesting story of a talk he had with him once, when he did not know Edward Barnard was Edward Barnard. It was

at the University of Chicago and a lecture was scheduled to be given by Edward Barnard, illustrated with stereopticon pictures. Professor Smith relates:

"My brother Cliff and I were early. So we lingered near the machine talking and examining the slides. We took little notice of a slight, unpretentious man who came up until he spoke. He said, 'H-h-m. Slides, eh?' And gradually we entered into conversation, for some length of time. At last the strange man drew a deep breath and stunned us with these words, 'It's so hot I just hate to put on that robe and go up on the platform.' It was Edward Emerson Barnard himself, speaking thus casually of an Oxford robe."

It was before his affiliation with Wesleyan that Professor Smith during his courses at the University of Chicago was associated with Edward E. Barnard. No one is more qualified to tell interesting facts concerning the lives of famous scientists than he, who has spent so many years in association with just such men as Barnard.

Professor Smith is one of the contradictions to the general tendency for distinguished scientists to leave the South.

The chemistry and geology classes which he conducts at Wesleyan College will be remembered for their scintillating interest and vast stores of general information by numbers of Wesleyan graduates throughout the land.

His classes are always crowded. The parting advice which many Wesleyan alumnae give to freshmen as they board the train is quite often divided, after the fashion of all Gaul, into three parts; "Study hard; don't lose your trunk check; and be sure to get a course from Mr. Smith."

Among the famous scientists with whom Professor Smith has been associated are: John M. Coulter; Julius Steiglitz, chairman of the chemical

warfare board of the United States during the World War; R. T. Salisbury, geologist; Dr. H. N. McCoy, chemist; W. D. Harkins, the best American authority on the Einstein theory. He was associated in field work with Otto Veatch, a geologist known throughout the world.

His scientific lectures are made vital by his knowledge of the prominent men in his realm. Besides possessing a great amount of classified knowledge Professor Smith has a fund of humor and wit which is irresistible. His wholesome belief in science as a divine study with the sanction of and origin in the Creator, his staunch belief in Georgia and her resources with the possibilities of development are refreshing in this age of reason without faith and knowledge without wisdom.

But to return to Edward Barnard. Many were his invaluable discoveries and his priceless pictures of the stars, the milky way, and the comets which he has willed to posterity. His name will be linked with other immortals as the centuries slip over each other, but credit goes to the South only for his birth. And the South had nothing to do with that.

The other—and among them are lesser lights, and lights who may be brilliant some day, are Joseph Le Conte, whose granddaughter, Elizabeth Smith, experimented with H_2SO_4 at the desk next to yours last year. He, too, left his native state of Georgia to get along as best it could without him and went to California.

There was Alexander Winchell of Tennessee who dared to think a few years in advance of his colleagues, who suffered ostracism, criticism, and all other "isms" brave people suffer while he was a professor at Vanderbilt. But he settled at the University of Wisconsin, and his books on geology show him to have been a charming man, an unusually witty person as well as a bril-

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Soccer Football is New Sport

ROUTS BASKETBALL FROM FOURTEEN YEARS OF THANKSGIVING CELEBRATIONS

By ELIZABETH SINQUEFIELD

*"Mistress and maidens laid their veils aside
And played at ball. . . ." Book XII, Odyssey.*



FOR the first time in fourteen years Thanksgiving at Wesleyan College will come and go without the basketball in prominence. The games of soccer-football have taken the place of the basketball games for this year, and though the cheer and class spirit will be as great as ever, they will be for soccer-football now. Soccer-football claims Thanksgiving, and basketball claims Washington's Birthday.

As our grandfathers tell us, "there never has been a summer that I remember so hot, so dry, and so long as this summer of 1925." Indoor games can be played neither with pleasure nor with any success. Soccer-football is an outdoor game, in the practice of which the heat cannot interfere, while basketball is an indoor game.

Also, there is a movement to include in the first major sport of the year as many of the students as possible. Basketball requires but six players for a team, while soccer-football requires eleven for a team. This adds double interest and increases the enthusiasm for basketball, which will follow in February.

Though Wesleyan does not wish to be too much like others, neither does she wish to be too different. Even though for fourteen years she has played basketball out of season, she now thinks it time to substitute "football" in its season, and save basketball for its season in the spring, as do other colleges, both for men and for women.

There is some protest against this new game, called soccer-football, as there was against basketball when the teams were first organized in 1911.

Only the faculty and students were allowed to attend these games until in 1917 each player could invite one friend from town. Not until in 1922 was the public invited. In spite of these restrictions, basketball has gained in popularity and each Thanksgiving has its record of scores:

1918

Lavendar and white, 26 versus Red and White, 9.

Green and Gold, 18 versus Gold and White, 9.

1919

Lavendar and White, 30 versus Gold and White, 4.

Green and Gold, 19 versus Red and White, 13.

1920

Lavendar and White, 34 versus Red and White, 26.

Gold and White, 6 versus Green and Gold, 3

1921

Lavendar and White, 50 versus Gold and White, 13.

Red and White, 5 versus Green and Gold, 4.

1922

Lavendar and White, 18 versus Red and White, 9.

Gold and White, 20 versus Green and Gold, 18.

1923

Lavendar and White, 18 versus Gold and White, 14.

Green and Gold, 20 versus Red and White, 16.

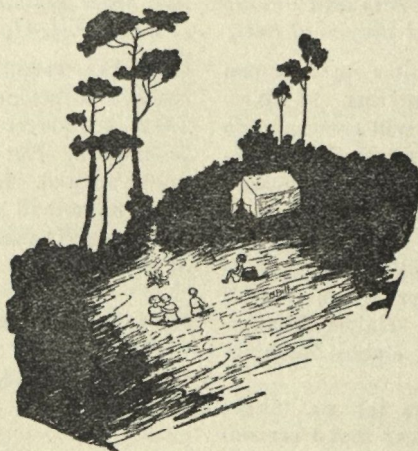
In 1924 a ten years' record was broken when the green and gold triumphed over the lavendar and white.

The championship in basketball was

(Continued on page 44)

Sometimes

By DOROTHY McKAY



*I think sometimes
A life is like a pine,
That stands alone
So straight, so tall, so strong,
The guardian dryad of a dusty
Plain of steaming sand.
A pine that stretches up its bark-
lined neck
To grasp the twinkling stars
To deck itself in just a little
Shining bit of heaven.*

*I think that, sometimes,
But quite often
Life seems a smoke-charred stump,*

*A dragged heap of chopped-off
things—
Half-dreamed dreams,
Untrue ambitions,
That once soared high
But now are willing
To forget pride and lie down
And let the seething fires
Of hate and envy
Steal about in rapid session,
That never tries to lift itself
Again to heights of old,
That never looks toward heaven,
Has no desires, no hopes, just fears
A muddy, bedraggled ruin
Of better things.*

The Armistice

By NAOMI SMITH



R. EMORY and his wife were having a conference behind the closed doors of the library. It was his last night at home before he left to attend the legislature.

Just one week ago he had had another conference in this same room. He had sat, as now, sunk away back in the deep arm chair at one side of the marble mantel, his head on his hand, utterly unconscious of the mellow beauty of the library with its richly upholstered furniture, blue velvet rugs, blue and dull gold tapestry draperies, and blue bowl of yellow flowers on the table by his chair.

Then, he had called Joy to him. She had tripped in, in her gay, light-hearted way, puckering her crimson lips with the tune of "Minding My Business," and had sat on the arm of his chair with mock anxiety on her beautiful face, and on her lips a,

"Well, Old Sobersides, what has the poor little girl done now?"

For a moment there had been silence. Then, drawing her close to him, Mr. Emory had said,

"Joy, I haven't spoken to you before, because I have hoped I would not have to. But now—I know I must. It hurts me beyond your powers of comprehension, that I cannot send you to college—"

"Father!"

And she had jerked away from him. "Not send me to college? Why? I must go!"

"Wait, let me tell you all before you condemn me so. You know I have been sick nearly all the year and could not be at the office—"

"But Mr. Davis was there."

"He was incompetent and led the firm into debt. Then, a year ago tomorrow, the Armistice was signed. Business

conditions are terrible, so I cannot even borrow the money to send you off, as I had hoped. There's no way—no way! And his head sank into his hands.

But Joy saw not his pain.

"What will my chums say? They will pity me so, because I'm not going off somewhere. They will patronize me and laugh at me, behind my back. Oh! I can't stand it!"

Bursting into tears of anger and self-pity, she had rushed from the room.

Yet, again Mrs. Emory was consulting with Mr. Emory, trying to find some way to send Joy to school and again—there was none.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, Mr. Emory left on an early train with the car wheels droning to him Joy's entreaties till he could hardly stand it any longer.

He had been in his room at the hotel about thirty minutes when a knock sounded on his door. At his "Come," three men whom he knew rushed into the room. The spokesman began at once to explain the purpose of their visit.

It was of immense importance to them, that a certain bill that would be before the legislature at the call meeting, be carried through and for the required number needed to carry it, they must have one more man. They offered Mr. Emory ten thousand dollars if he would promise to vote for it.

"Ten thousand!"

The room swam around him and he reached for support. "Ten thousand—and Joy can go to college." Then—

"Think, Emory, before you refuse this money; we need your help. Make it fifteen thousand. Come on, will you take it? Mighty easy, just vote for a bill."

(Continued on page 45)

The Preacher's Daughter in Society

By SARA CLYDE ADAMS



REMEMBER, dear, that you are a minister's daughter and what you do will look much worse than if father wasn't a preacher."

How those words echo and re-echo! How I would like to go out of the house one time without hearing that same admonition!

One of my friends gave a prom party to which I, as the preacher's daughter, was invited. I had as an escort the biggest "dumbbell" in the town. My friend explained it by saying that I should not go with jovial young men or I would be considered frivolous. I had but one-half of my proms filled, for I could never be popular and "good" at the same time. Four of the boys with whom I had proms were of the same variety as my escort,—very "dumb." I discussed weather with them until the sight of a weather-vane would have driven me mad. The other prom was with a boy that I admired, as he was very attractive. I was numb from sitting stiff and dignified and tired of talking about the weather; so I suggested that we walk. He looked rather dubious, but as I insisted, he consented. It was absolutely ridiculous the way that boy helped me down the steps. He acted as if I had "glass" and "handle with care" stamped all over me. As I passed a car, I saw a steward's daughter harmlessly but happily chatting with a boy. A car started, and I looked up just in time to see the daughter of the chairman of the Board of Stewards ride off. I thought bitterly. Yes, they could do as they pleased. I had been sitting in the swing in the glare of the porch light all of the evening. I had been discussing weather while they talked of interesting things. I had filled half of my proms with girls or

my hostess; other girls had all of theirs with boys.

One of my boy friends who lives in a nearby town spent the week-end in our little city. He called on me several times and we attended the games of a basketball tournament together. Imagine my surprise when one of the aged critics and gossipers declared: "That preacher's girl is the worst that I have ever seen! Didn't you see how she ran after that fellow during the tournament? I just know that she's going to put something over on us and run away. And her father and mother are such good people and have tried so hard to raise her right. Poor things."—This last with many moans, groans and sighs.

Dancing and bridge parties are things entirely unknown to me.

At camp meeting, instead of sitting on the "courting-bench," I must stay in the tent and look after all of the children on the camp ground, for a minister's daughter must be obliging and help the poor, nerve-racked, overworked mothers. If, by chance, there are no children to care for, I must attend every service held under the arbor, and either sit with the choir or else try to get music out of a squeaky organ.

Instead of going to ride on Sunday afternoon, I must take a glass of jelly to Miss Amanda Simpkins. Miss Amanda is an old-maid (but I would not dare let her know that I even thought it) of about sixty summers. She is tall with a stilted dignity and a dictatorial air. Her mass of hair is coiled high on her head and everything about her person is in its exact place. Her wide blue eyes seem as if they might pop from her head at any moment. She has a very aristocratic bearing and speaks with a decided Southern accent. When

(Continued on page 46)

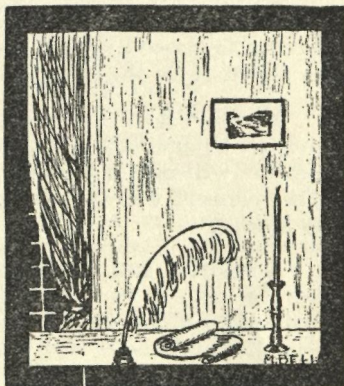
EDITORIAL

Armistice

THE joyful, excited, thankful outburst of the world seven years ago at the dawn of peace has a profound significance. The people were so relieved that the foundations of civilization were not destroyed that, after that joyous day, they resolved to search for the key to world peace and mutual consideration of nations.

We know the terrors of war; we lived through the greatest one ever fought. It is believed that another world war with our improved methods of science will demolish the world. We must search, examine, and test the ways to hold it off forever.

It is our duty to study all suggestions for attaining that ideal of world peace. If each of us will use our influence for world peace and seek the solution of this world problem, we shall be doing our part. If everyone does his part, the world cannot fail. Are we going to be among the ones preventing success in the search for the world peace plan by lazy indifference?



Education in Painless Doses

By MILDRED McCrORY

AMONG the many opportunities offered at Wesleyan this year for the acquirement of a well-balanced education, the artist series stands forth as the best and certainly most enjoyable. If the majority of students could voice their opinions, most likely they would term the series as one of the most coveted of privileges rather than opportunities.

The program of attractions, consisting of four musical concerts and three lectures, is under the direction of Prof. Joseph Maerz, director of the Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Arts. The selection of these artists has been made with the utmost care. The course is not only the best but the most democratic ever put on at Wesleyan. The comprehensiveness of the series provides for as beneficial enjoyment to the younger students as to the older.

The first number will be a piano recital by Alexander Brailowsky on November 23. In a recent report from one of the foremost critics it is said, "After the third item we mentally registered: 'This is the greatest of the

young masters.' At the end of Part II we had decided that not one of the older masters (Chopin, Liszt, and others) was his superior, and at the conclusion of the concert we began to wonder and are still wondering which of the older masters is the equal of this Russian from Kieff who is not yet in his thirties." This extract is typical of the praise that Brailowsky has received ever since his American debut.

Of no less calibre among the younger violin artists is Ruth Breton, who is to appear here in the spring. She is the latest artist produced by Leopold Auer, ranking as perhaps the best woman violinist before the public today. Breton is classed with Elman, Heifetz, Zimbalist, and other famous violinists as artists from the Auer studio.

Madame Evelyn Scotney, prima donna coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who has frequently appeared in leading parts with Caruso, will give a joint recital on December 7 with Frederick Gunster, tenor. This concert will be one of the most brilliant vocal offerings ever brought to Macon.

A colorful and interesting treat will be found in the appearance of Thurlow Lieurance, composer-pianist, who will give a program of Indian music, assisted by Madame Lieurance. Lieurance is a celebrated authority on American Indian music. He will explain the best of the tribal melodies and act as accompanist for Madame Lieurance, who will sing the selections in costume. She possesses a lovely soprano voice and is famed for her beauty. This recital will take place February 3.

Dr. Carl Van Doren, editor of the Century Magazine, will lecture here on January 23. He is among the first of the literary critics and authorities in America.

An illustrated lecture will be given February 11 by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, famous Arctic explorer, author, and scientist. He is considered as one of the few great explorers of all time. The motion pictures, scenes which were made in the Far North, will be operated by the lecturer's special photographer.

As an added attraction to a perfect course the committee in charge has arranged for a feature program which is to be announced later.

Therefore, it is evident that the artist series is one of the greatest enterprises of its kind that Wesleyan has ever put on. Also it will prove to be a thoroughly delightful and painless dose of education, even to the most discriminating student.

Here's a privilege. Take advantage of it!

A Microscopic View of God

SCIENCE is the name for such portions of human knowledge or insight in God's creations as have been more or less generalized, systematized, and verified. Generality as opposed to mere particulars, system as opposed to random arrangement, and verification as opposed to looseness of assumption concur in that superior kind of knowledge justly dignified with the title

of science. These characteristics of science can be applied as practical admonitions to our life to broaden it and make it more nearly our ideal. Mere particularism, random arrangement, loose assumption—these three can cast a veil over our purpose in this world and make us lose sight of our true end in life. Casting aside great truths to cling to a petty particular, haphazard disposition of our time with no end in sight just ahead always, and loose assumption crowding out truth are common causes of failures of men. We, who have the opportunity to study science, have the invaluable opportunity of seeing God's plan of life for us more clearly than ever before.

Science, the "natural philosophy" of the world, with its revelation of the secrets of organic beings, of the human mind, and of forces and matter, reveals God to us more impressively than anything else outside the Book and the life of man. Miracles of wonder and beauty have been misunderstood and distorted so much by some that science seems a force dimming the power of God. To most of us who have studied science in a Christian college under Christian teachers, science has become a clear, transparent glass through which God's power is seen and revered. Our glass so magnifies God in His world that our conception of God becomes more nearly adequate than it has ever been.

Ours has been the opportunity to see God in the world through the microscope of science. Ours is the opportunity to broadcast this conception of science.

The Other Nine

*"And one of them, when he saw that he was healed . . .
fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks."*

One in ten of the lepers whom Christ healed was grateful. What of the other nine? In America one day of 365 is by proclamation set apart for Thanksgiving. What of the other 364? On that November day each person, as he specifically gives thanks, thinks of himself and his family. A natural process, of course; but it does not take into account the other millions in the world nor the substantial progress in civilization which makes him able to be thankful that he lives in the twentieth century.

Since the Wesleyan is devoting many of its pages in this issue to a discussion of science in its relation to the South, a Thanksgiving could not be discussed without mention of at least a few remarkable inventions and discoveries in recent years.

Transportation is the requisite of that re-union which many think is the cardinal element of Thanksgiving celebrations. Without trains, steamships, aeroplanes, and automobiles, many widely scattered families would spend their days in lonely separation. As it is, all these modern instruments of conveyance take the place of the sleigh which was used at the first Thanksgivings.

Improvements in household machinery have made the day more of a joy

and less of a burden to modern housewives, who by means of electric ranges, gas, steam cooking, electric appliances, can serve an attractive family feast in the face of the vexing servant problems.

Then, with radio, victrolas, player-pianos and movies, the problem of after-dinner entertainment is no longer perplexing. In these modern days, recreation for the whole family may be found easily within a short radius of the home. Quite different from the good old days when the probable actions of Parliament and King George and the rumored attack of the redskins formed the principal parts of amusement and conversation on Thanksgiving days.

Science and Thanksgiving work both ways of cause and effect. More science has made a better celebration possible, while gratitude of the human race has prompted more and higher endeavors in the scientific realm.

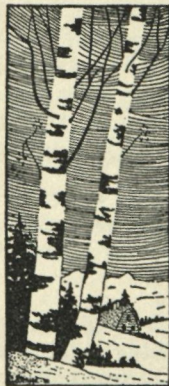
America is learning to appreciate and realize the principle of the Other Nine.

Welcome, Alumnæ

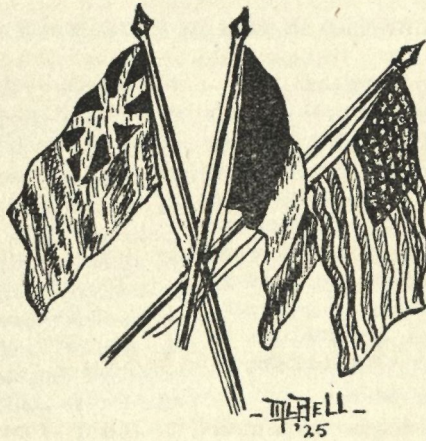
SCARCELY do we become accustomed to calling you seniors instead of juniors before you leave us. And when you leave, you take from us a beautiful, intangible something, the spirit of your presence, which makes us feel that college life is lacking.

Every fall when we welcome the freshmen, we are always telling them, "If only you had been here when last year's seniors were still with us," until they, too, think that they are missing a vital part of Wesleyan in not knowing you.

That is why, with all the power and force of which we are capable, with all the love and good will and cordiality, we, the students of Wesleyan, welcome you returning alumnæ.



Seven Years Ago



Seven years ago

We celebrated first of many times that day

When guns of war had ceased their eager thund'ring.

In years before we had no need for such a time,

Reminder of the sin and world-wide blund'ring.

And did we then, when first we kept the peace

Make possible no future years of fighting?

Or have we set aside in vain that day

Which is to war-bled lands a beacon lighting?

Can future wars be banished? Or will the sons of men

Forever need to celebrate such days as we kept e'en then

Seven years ago?

Biology Laboratory Compared to Fairyland

DEPARTMENT ORGANIZED IN 1906 BY PROF. MARVIN CLARKE QUILLIAN



journey into fairyland!

A fairyland where through the magic of microscopic glasses animal and plant life too small to demand notice are magnified to creations of utmost beauty, where expensive and delicate instruments reveal wondrous forms and glorious colors, where all the regal power of science is brought to bear upon modern day students to make them realize the essential importance of scientific truths.

In days of old the magic "Once upon a time" transported persons to fairylands where tiny elves were endowed with human qualities. Now in these modern times only the science laboratory fee is required of the most unimaginative student before she will be carried to a realm more wonderful than those created by Aladdin's lamp, the carpet of Bagdad or even the looking-glass of Alice in Wonderland.

Perhaps even now the student who has registered for one of these courses has realized that the "fairyland" is none other than the biology laboratory, under the supervision of Prof. Marvin C. Quillian, and of Miss Edna Patterson, assistant professor.

Much new material and many modern pieces of apparatus have recently been added to the equipment. A big barrel-autoclave, the only one of its kind in any educational institution in the city; and incubator which keeps a habitat temperature of 37 degrees; a rotary microtome, the finest made in the world; a paraffin bath instrument, which is used in the imbedding process preparatory for staining the histology slides; sliding and hand microtomes and a goodly number of finely adjusted compound

microscopes,—these are among the several thousand dollars worth of equipment in the laboratory.

Laboratory work for each course fits in admirably. Students in histology make the slides which they may study in other courses, or they may be used in teaching. They make slides of plant and animal tissues, doing paraffin work, as well as plain section work, using standard contrast stains. A student in this course makes as many as five boxes of slides, often with fifty slides to a box, some of which have been sold to a neighboring university. The biology department has a large collection of slides that range in price from 60 cents to four dollars each.

Teaching methods in the courses offered in this department seem almost failure proof, owing to the various angles from which the student is made to approach the same subject. If, in addition to first-hand observation and knowledge gained by laboratory study, constant repetition insures learning, then this must be a knowledge laboratory.

There is, of course, study of the textbooks, without which, as is known by all Wesleyan students, no classes are conducted. Then lantern slides, many of them made by Professor Quillian, impress the students with further knowledge. Some of these slides were made by him with utmost care on glass with India ink, and are superior in vividness to some of those purchased. Of great value in the list of aids to learning is the use of models in the teaching of embryology and allied subjects, the construction of which to show microscopic details is one of the achievements of

modern biology. Some of these models are manufactured under the direction of a former professor of Mr. Quillian's, who began their sale several years ago; and some of the first ones offered for sale were purchased for the Wesleyan biology department. A number of these models are also suitable for use in the study of psychology.

In zoology the models are often living animals, aquatic forms being kept in aquaria, or glass tanks, where green plant life also serves to supply needed oxygen.

"Five-fold repetition is the mother of memory," said Professor Quillian, as he explained that in addition to throwing the slides on the screen and having the students point out the various parts of each organism he exhibits charts, black and white and colored, which show further comparative details. By the time the student has studied her lesson, looked at a model of the structural details, examined the living organisms, and pointed out the various organs on slides which are cast on a screen in black and white and in colors, she realizes the futility of escape from knowledge.

If a fairyland did not contain many surprises and out-of-the-way objects, it would not conform to all ideals of fairy lore. Now as for the interesting unusual specimens in the laboratory, one might as well settle down for a lengthy discussion. It would take volumes to list the most important. A few, however, of the most striking, listed from these, would include a human skeleton, also many animal skeletons which show the relation of the vertebrates; a trap-door spider, of unique interest wherever found; a hornet's nest from over the doorway of a church in Sleepy Hollow, whose legends have been made famous by Washington Irving; and finally a real, live alligator with an aquarium domicile to his lordly self.

Speaking of interesting objects, the collection of birds used in teaching by Professor Quillian, whose hobby he con-

fesses is taxidermy, would interest any ornithologist. There are the grebe, the green-winged teal, the golden-shafted woodpecker, the king-bird, the robin, the spotted sandpiper, the screech owl, the song sparrow, the English sparrow, the meadow lark, the black capped chickadee, the cat-bird, the red-winged black bird, the blue bird, the sparrow hawk, the wren, and many other specimens, both common and rare,—all of these being beautiful and attractive bird-skins. A little green heron and a sharp-skinned hawk, stuffed and mounted by Professor Quillian, are also in the collection.

Professor Quillian was elected last year to the staff of the Society for the Preservation of Wild Flowers. He is also a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and several other national scientific societies, including the Botanical Society of America,—a society so highly esteemed by the government that some of its members are selected for special work in the tropics, where \$350,000 for a ten-year period is at its disposal for research and publications. The president of this society is Dr. Crocker, one of Mr. Quillian's teachers at the University of Chicago.

Professor Quillian is also a member of the American Microscopical Society, the American Conference of Biological Chemists, the National Geographic Society, and the Ecological Society of America, the latter being founded by Dr. Shelford, another one of Mr. Quillian's teachers at the University of Chicago. Besides being invited to join several others, he has been asked to become a fellow of the American Geographical Society.

Professor Quillian first came to Wesleyan in 1906, being called to the newly created chair of biology and geology. Then his laboratories were on the first floor of the Annex. This department, which he had organized, was later moved to more commodious quarters on

(Continued on page 47)

The First Thanksgiving Letter

By ALLENE BROWN (Class of '29)

November, 1632. Plymouth, America.

My dear Mistress Brewster:

"Twould be for shame if thou hast forgotten thy old friend, who hast spent many years in Holland and now at last hath found joy across the seas.

I had thought perhaps to find thee among old friends coming over on the "Anne," but nay. Why hast thou deemed it so unworthy to follow?

I have great joys to tell thee of. Would that thou hadst been among us!

We have shared in a party of thanksgivings for the mercies God hath showed us. A whole week of feasting and holiday! Think of it! Hm! and perhaps thou thinkest, how we made ready this feasting?

Ah! but, my dear, thou dost not understand how we make ready together here in America. 'Tis our part to make pleasure for others.

It hath pleased God to bless us in the fruits of the earth. We didst gather wild turkeys, geese, ducks, water fowl and all other food that this country abounds in. Barley loaves, cranberries, cakes, pies, vegetables and deer added to the feast.

Our red-faced friends came, and their friends, even their chief, Massasoit. They liked our party and remained three days. They were kind, but thou wouldst have been very frightened to have seen them clothed in deerskins. Some didst have the furry coat of a wildcat to hang on their arms. Their hair had fallen on their shoulders and was trimmed with feathers and fox tails. 'Twas their very best which they didst wear to the Thanksgiving party. They danced, sang and played games with the children. Before each meal the Indians joined in prayers with the men. Together they thanked God for his goodness.

Everyone was merry and 'twas a happy time.

Bear our message to our good friends in England that we are happy and prosperous today and hope to have many more thanksgiving parties.

Your old friend,

MARY ANN TILLEY.

Alumnae Department

MISS EUNICE THOMSON, class '25, has contributed the following article to the Alumnae department. Each month one alumna will write an article for this department in order to give a direct message from the old girls and to let us know that they are still a part of our big family.

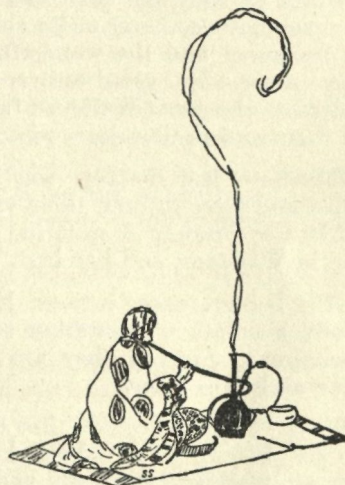
I sat down with the full intention of writing something noble and inspiring on the subject of "What Wesleyan Has Meant to Me", but for the life of me, I cannot think of anything noble and inspiring on any subject! All I can think of is that tonight I am going back to Wesleyan for the first time since I left in June with a diploma and a terrible feeling that I was no longer a part of it at all.

I must be going back! My suit-case is already at the station, and my ticket is here in my bag, and I am quite sure they have promised me a half-holiday tomorrow—yes, of course it is real!

I shall not go home as usual when five o'clock comes. Instead, I shall hustle into my coat and hat, drink a hasty cup of coffee at the little corner drug store, and make my way up Mitchell Street in the dusk to the Terminal.

I shall wait, with the mass of other travellers-to-be until the caller of trains yells something unintelligible which we shall interpret as "Dixie Flyer to Macon!" Then we shall grab our suit-cases and boxes, and shove each other excitedly toward the gate, for all the world as if we expected somebody to try to keep us from getting to the precious train at all!

Before we have left the railroad yard in Atlanta I expect I shall begin to press my nose against the window-pane to see if we are not near enough to



catch a glimpse of the towers of the Oldest and Best, and by the time we have come within glimpsing distance, I shall be far too thrilled to see anything at all! Oh, the joy of running up the steps again as if I belonged! (How do colleges that do not have steps leading up to them exist?)

There will be somebody on the porch. I shall not even know who it is—not until long afterward, when I shall have come down to earth enough to be able to think clearly again. There will be girls in the halls and on the stairs and in the parlors—there will be two maids at the door who will know me, and will greet me with the most flattering lie, "Law, Miss Eunice, everybody shore do miss you!" There will be the great clock in front of the door. (It always had a habit of running away with time,

(Continued on page 48)

Student Government Department

The Spirit of the Freshman

By FRANCES HORNER

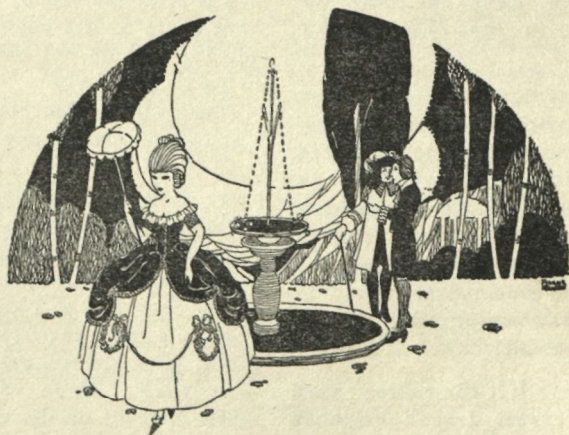
"And a little child shall lead them."

While we may not take this beautiful verse of Scripture in its strictest sense, we may certainly make an application to it in speaking of Wesleyan's own freshmen and the wonderful spirit with which they have begun their college careers in regard to every single phase of college life. They are the children of the great Wesleyan family and in truth their wonderful spirit will lead them and their college mates forward in the seeking of higher things.

Somehow, just the very way in which the girls have responded to their chance and have offered their support both to the Y. W. C. A. and to the Student Government Association is distinctive and has marked for them their place in Wesleyan and her best.

This happy, conscientious, lovable bunch of girls has gained for itself already a name, a reputation and support throughout the college and its associations. Already they are being associated with the highest and best Wesleyan has to offer.

Why? Simply because they themselves are the types of girls, as a whole, who get somewhere in scholarship and in activities. They are taking their work seriously and earnestly and are putting their best in what they do. Is it any wonder that Wesleyan is planting her hopes in this group of girls? If indications mean anything, the "oldest and best" will not be disappointed in the class of '29.



The Masquerade Mystery

By DOROTHY BLACKMON



HE masquerade ball had started; everywhere in the whole house and gardens frivolity and foolishness were at their height. The good natured crowd jostled, joked, and "confettied." The spirit of good-fellowship was in the air. Monks and devils roamed arm in arm, and in one alcove a nun and much-be-sheeted sheik were holding a lively conversation.

The exception that proves the rule, was, in this case, a cowboy sulking in a corner. He had missed his train and been forced to stay over to his aunt's ball. He pulled his large sombrero further over his face. Now it almost met his mask, and just as he was slinking back farther in the corner, something touched his arm.

"Oh, I'm so glad I've found you" a voice near chuckled. "You see, I've just been looking and looking. I don't believe you even wanted me to find you."

"Beg pardon." He rose stiffly to face a masked Spanish beauty. "You must be mistaken. I—"

"Oh, no." The owner of the silvery voice laughed. "I know you and you're the one, Mr. Harry Page."

The cowboy was astonished. How did she know his name? He was not even supposed to be visiting here. He had never stopped long here before. How could she know? If he had ever heard the voice before, he surely could never have forgotten it.

He had always longed to know a girl mysteriously charming. Of course, there was his pal, Jane Cox, but even though she was a "good sport," he was romantic and sentimental enough to crave the mystery and charm of a girl he had not known all his life. Well, what he wanted was information, and it was up to him to get it. He was interested in this.

"Harry Page? I've heard of him. You must know him well." He paused

to watch the green eyes sparkling from the mask opposite him.

"Oh, no." The lips beneath the mask smiled, "I would just like to, everyone would. You see his name and fame have extended even farther than Yale. All his aunt says and does centers around him, so, though I've never seen him, I'm pretty well acquainted with him by proxy."

The cowboy seemed to ponder this deeply. So that was the way she felt—not so very complimentary.

"Is that all there is to him?" he asked slyly, "Is he just a family pet, a sort of prize branch on her particular family tree?"

"He's not at all what you say. He's big; he's fine and splendid. Why he's just all that I think a man should be," she defended him hotly. Her face flushed, and she started to apologize, "You see he has been a hero to me so long that I cannot seem to realize that all people do not think of him so."

Then she grew worried, "You'll think I'm just silly unless I tell you about it. Let's sit down." They seated themselves on the partially covered bench, and he closely watched her face as she continued. Here was something he had not bargained for. She was certainly a sweet little thing and not at all like the girls he usually saw. Why, she was really in earnest. What was this?

"—and I'd always heard about him. Then, after that game that he had won" she was explaining, "instead of going to the dance, he went to the hospital to tell his little brother about it. They say his little brother worships him. Who wouldn't?" The small Spanish lady sighed and looked up into the face above hers.

His expression must have been peculiar for she rose, dragging him with her. They sauntered out into the now deserted paths of the garden. The cowboy looking down on his companion,

wondering that he had ever thought of not coming to the ball. It seemed that he had always known her, and yet, if he had ever heard that voice before, he could not have forgotten it. Why if he ever had a chance he intended to look up the engineer of the train that left him and personally thank him. What if he had not left him? He shuddered to think of it.

Now the queerly matched pair had returned to the broad porch of the house. The Spanish dancer turned her green eyes on the handsome boy. "Good bye," she said, and slipped away before he was able to hold her back.

Harry was just able to make the midnight train. As it was, he was wearing his costume when he entered the car. When he was undressing in the narrow confines of his berth, he suddenly sat upright, bumping his head. Who was his Spanish Girl? What was her name? Now he knew he was in love, for never before had he been too interested to waste time in speaking of names. So thinking, he finally fell asleep to dream of beautiful Spanish ladies playing football in St. Mark's Hospital.

Early the next morning in a hotel booth, Harry called his hostess of the night before.

"Aunt Martha?—This is Harry—No, I'm not crazy—O, I'm so sorry to have gotten you up—Aunt Martha, who was the girl in the Spanish dress?—Four?—Who were they? May Jordan? No, I know her. Gwynne Ware? Where's she from? Hillsboro? visiting Jane Cox? All right, next, Jane Cox—Why I went to school with her. Virginia Who? Oh, Lane—and she lives in Albany—Aunt Martha you're an angel. I always said so and now you've proven it—Bye."

Since he knew both Mary and Jane, she was not either one of them. It was up to him to find out which one of the others was the right one. Gwynne or Virginia, both names were pretty and suited her, so he flipped a coin to decide which to see first.

"Heads—Virginia; tails, Gwynne," he

chanted and flipped. Chance favored Virginia.

By that afternoon he had reached Albany, a small town where the constable was the whole police force and found Jack Hall, an old fraternity brother of his. Jack knew Virginia and was high in his praises of her. Harry was enthusiastic and very expectant. They drove out to the Country Club that night to the dance. The first person to whom Jack presented him, was Miss Lane, a dashing brunette with soulful, brown eyes.

Harry was sick with disappointment, but at least he knew that Gwynne was his destined one. She must be.

On the train back to his aunt's home town he was unable to read or rest. His mind was in a tumult. What if Gwynne were not the one? She was forced to be; there was no other way out of it. Everytime he saw green eyes, his pulse jumped a beat, even if they belonged to the brakeman.

Finally, his train pulled in and he swung off. He strode along the main street towards Jane's home at about the rate of speed he made his famous runs on the football field. It was a matter of life and happiness to him.

Jane eagerly ran out to meet him as he came rushing up. He blurted out, "Where's Gwyn?"

As he awaited her reply, he saw the brightness of her gray-green eyes gradually turn into shadow. What was the matter with him? Why did the change of expression in the "good old pal's" eyes remind him of a certain scene? What was it? What was the elusive situation he was groping for in his mind?

In a lightning flash moment revelation came. He knew with certainty just where before he had gazed into those same shining eyes and thought them examples of mysterious charm.

And as Jane smiled understandingly, he murmured with gruff tenderness, "Then it was you at the ball, you my pal and my beautiful enchantress? Both mine?"

Exchange Department

By KATHERINE ARMSTRONG

THE Depauw magazine from Depauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, is quite a literary publication. The stories are interesting, and varied in subject matter. The conclusion of Claude A. Mahoney's "And Then He Gave Up Golf" was delightfully unexpected, although the plot was not entirely novel. "Halfway", a lovely Pierrot and Pierrette play, by Elizabeth Plummer, and "Fragments" by Mary Porter were probably the best pieces of work in the magazine. "The Book Nooks" with its very informing reviews is interesting though maybe a bit too lengthy to gain the best attention for each review. We wish to congratulate the advertising manager of the Depauw on the number and size of the ads. May we suggest that they would be read more extensively, and that the concluding pages would be less monotonous if jokes were scattered throughout the advertising department?

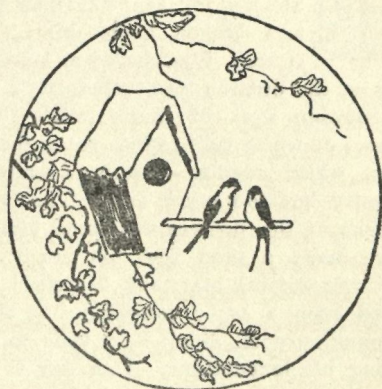
Following are some of the "Fragments" by Mary Porter:

One day I heard a woman laugh; she was happy. A young girl is happy because she anticipates. An old lady is happy because she remembers. One day I heard a woman laugh; and she was happy.

And once I heard a man say, "I love you". What makes a man's voice sound like low notes on an organ when he says that?

The Yellow Jacket from Georgia Tech as usual is filled with peppy jokes; some are not the best kind of wit, but others are quite original and enjoyable. Since the first issue is a freshman number, many of the jokes apply to the newcomers.

The Concept from Converse College



in Spartanburg, S. C., is an unusually attractive college magazine. The art work at intervals throughout the pages is distinctive and artistic. The original and altogether amusing jokes, and the large number of poems seem to be the best material in the magazine. The Exchange Chatter is well written, and interestingly arranged, while the size and quantity of advertisements bespeak the faithful work of the business manager.

This is part of an exceptionally beautiful poem from the "Concept":

REMORSE

By Betty Clyce

Golden notes from golden strings
Slip through the opal dusk,
Waking thoughts of a thousands things
Dead in the shadow of years.

Snatches of song, a laugh, a tear,
With star dust in the trees,
A slim young face gone white with fear,
And a shadow on the moon.

Silver light on a silver lake,
A mocking-bird's flung song,
The sob of a heart too weary to break,
And a black wind in the sky.

Thanksgiving for Three

By FAIRFID MONSALVATGE

RODDY PRITCHARD adjusted his tie for the sixteenth time and looked about him. The church, ivy-covered and crumbling on the outside was transformed into a garden spot of lovely white—Airy bows of white tulle, white roses, flickering white candles—Roddy thought it pretty but too much fuss. The heavy scent of the flowers depressed him—It *er*—made a man feel too much that he was getting married! Married! His had been a hasty courtship. A rising young surgeon didn't have time to prolong his lovemaking. One day it had dawned on him that Angela Norton was about the prettiest girl that he knew, and he could rather picture her in a home—maybe darning his socks before a fire. It would be pleasant to come home and find her there—And so he had asked her and she accepted because the families had known each other. As the papers put it "Two prominent old families of Nortonton will be united when Miss Angela Norton marries Dr. Roderick Pritchard this afternoon in Saint John's Church—"

Those newspaper accounts haunted him. They told and retold of the lovely brides-maids, the gossamer frocks, the parties, the gifts—He thanked Fortune that he had remembered to send pearls to the bride that morning. He liked those pearls—they had yellow lights in them that shone as the light caught them. He tried to see those pearls against Angela's throat—and could not.

Would it never start—The tie received careful adjustment for the seventeenth time and Roddy cleared his throat. Was he getting nervous? Ah! There it was—The first peals of the organ's soft note of "Because" hushed the murmur in the church. The soprano's voice told the story in notes that made his throat tighten. He took

his place beside Bob O'Toole—good old Bob—and waited for his bride. How long she was in coming. First the little flower girl—Sweet child that—And then the fluttering brides-maids. At last she came—a vision of misty white from the orange blossoms catching her veil to the tip of her white satin slipper. She had followed the old-fashioned custom and had covered her face with the sheerest of veiling. Roddy thought he had never seen her look more lovely. She kept her head modestly bent as she moved slowly down the aisle. Suddenly Roddy remembered and looked for the pearls. Ah, there they were nestling against her white neck. Roddy breathed a sigh of relief. They did seem to suit Angela. He had been afraid she might have preferred a new roadster.

Presently he heard Angela's low-voiced responses and his own in an unnatural voice. It seemed that he was shouting, for he was trying so hard to be heard through the noise pounding in the back of his head. How calm Angela was—Yes, he was glad he was being married.

They rose from the prie-dieu and started down the aisle. She had uncovered her face, but she kept it buried in her flowers. Why he hadn't even had a good look at her. He wished those fool people would stop crying. It wasn't anything to cry about.

And then Roddy saw his little mother—sitting so bravely clasping his Dad's big hand. She smiled as he passed—the most wonderful tremulous smile, and Roddy vowed never to let her stop smiling.

Outside the church was a huge bit of magnificence called a limousine. It looked like a haven of rest to Roddy as he handed his bride inside—"Let's hurry and give that mob the slip," he

said, after giving the chauffeur directions.

"Angela,—why Angela! You're not crying are you? Look at me. I won't have my bride cry on our wedding day."

Angela was still turned to the window and a muffled voice came to him. A voice he had never heard, a vibrant voice.

"You'd cry too, Dr. Pritchard" she turned around. "Wouldn't you really—if you had married your best friend's fiancé? And you were afraid because he had every right to be angry? I'm sorry, Dr. Pritchard."

Roddy was speechless. A thousand thoughts came to his mind and the first was of relief. He hadn't married Angela after all. His bride had been a changeling—

"Thank you for not storming at me. We're almost to the house. I'll tell you about it there." And she settled back with a sigh of utter weariness.

Roddy watched her out of the corner of his eye. Black hair—h'm—luminous eyes no wonder she matched the pearls. Where on earth had she come from! Who was she, the new Mrs. Roderick Pritchard?

At last they reached the house. She gathered up her veil and led the way upstairs to Angela's sitting room. Everything was in disorder but she found a note pinned to a chair and gave it to him to read. Silently he opened it. It read:

"Dear Roddy,

Mother would have been furious and this was the only way. I had to. Oh, this is so incoherent. Poor Roddy, you don't know what I'm talking about, do you? You see I wanted to marry Jack Gaynor and Mother wouldn't hear to it. We planned to be married while 'my' wedding was taking place. I had only one real friend in the world and she promised to do this for me. Your bride, Roddy dear, is Monica Brent.

Forget me and if you can, forgive
Angela—"

Roddy turned to the girl and waited for an explanation.

"Dr. Pritchard, I've known Angela since we were in college together. We were the very best of friends. For different reasons I've never visited her, and that is why we never met before. Angela was nearly out of her mind and she begged me to take her place at the ceremony. Of course we're not really married. I did it for her because—I love her, and—because I had nothing to lose, I'm leaving tonight. Even her mother doesn't know. She'll think when she finds us gone that we did as any other newly married couple and dodged the crowd. Goodbye, Dr. Pritchard. You see people won't know just yet if you're called to New York on business. Angela will write to her mother and then you can come back."

Such a self possessed young person he had never seen. Crying indeed! Why, little though she was, she looked as though nothing would ever see her flinch. Standing there so lovely in white, she was superb, and Roddy couldn't help admiring her fine spirit. But, manlike, there came a desire to avenge his hurt pride. It wouldn't be so easy to be labeled in Nortonton "the man Angela Norton jilted." He'd have to hold up his head somehow and a good way would be to—Roddy seized upon the idea.

"Miss Brent, where do you live?"

"I'm sorry, Dr. Pritchard. I cannot tell you that. You've been abominably treated but I won't bother you any more." She turned to leave the room.

"Will you wait a moment?" Roddy asked quietly. "I, too, have a word. Will you hurry to get changed? The roadster will be at the side door in ten minutes. We're leaving for Hargrave Inn as planned."

"But—"

"Get your things—"

"Very well, doctor—" She turned and left the room. Roddy waited a

(Continued on page 49)

The Catch All

By MAMIE HARMON

S. L. J. gives us a couple from her fertile pen to the following effect:

To Your Line.

You love me? Not really?

You think I believe it?

I know you too well, don't you see.

You said it too often

And not to me only,

I just can't believe it, to me!

And so I but wonder

Just what you are thinking—

That I am so foolish, poor me?

You've said it too often,

I can't just believe it,

You love me? I doubt that can be.

Do You?

You think I'm alone 'neath a southern
moon

And that I leave this beauty soon

To write you sweetly e'er I sleep?

That I sit and sigh and grieve and weep?

Well, I don't!

You think I mean the things I write

And write them faithfully each night?

That I believe each word from you

And think of you alone and true?

Well, I don't!

Every now and then in spite of our-
self the subject of classes is forced on
our mind—that Chaucer for instance.
Now we would suffer a great deal for
the sake of our education (and we do)
but when we get to a class that requires
us to pronounce “ei” like “a” in “pine”
—well, you just try it. It can't be did.
And you have no idea what a vast
amount of imagination it takes to be
able to translate a word as “memory”
when the vocabulary states very clearly
that it means a stringed instrument.
Still there are compensations. For in-
stance we learned the other day that
those violent red and blue and green
hose that people wore a season or two
ago weren't anything new at all, for

Chaucer himself says of a very respec-
table lady that “hir hosen weren of
fyn scarlet reed”.

One thing I'll never do when I'm

A poet of public fame

Is write a poem, and then to write

Another on the same!

(Yes, we study Wordsworth.)

Even our faculty will have their little
joke. At one of the first meetings of
the English Club Dr. Greene ended his
customary little dissertation before the
club by saying, “You're running this
thing—not me”. He promptly changed
the “me” to the correct “I” because it
was in the presence of such a dignified
body, he said. But Miss Hamilton asked
him if he had really seriously considered
what the sentence meant with the pro-
noun in the objective case. It took us
a long time to catch on, too.

Once we got athletically ambitious

And went out to support

The soccer team.

But our intentions

Was evidently mistook.

We knew we was the same as the ball

In shape,

But we did think our size

Was a distinguishing feature.

But no—we was kicked

And kicked and kicked

On all sides and repeatedly;

We lost our favorite front tooth filling,

And our nose no longer turns up—it

stays,

And we are generally mutilated

So now—

We think we need the team's support,

Not it ours.

The other day a crowd of seniors were
discussing their ambitions for the fu-

(Continued on page 54)

Prize Winning Stunt

OF THE TOWN GIRLS

Perfect Percival Primm, or The Perils of Petunia Prue

By FRIEDA KAPLAN

Time: The present.

Scene: A garden.

Characters:

Petunia Prue, the heroine.

Percival Primm, the hero.

Alphonse Applesauce, the villain.

Enter Petunia (holding out a note)

Tune—"Rose Marie"

Petunia:

Oh, Percy, dear, I love you,

I'm always thinking of you.

I'll hide this note to tell you when to meet me,

A rendez-vous for you to come and greet me.

And should I not see you, dear,

'Twould break my trusting heart in two!

My Mercer shiek, for you I shriek, be true, dear,

To your own Petunia Prue!

(She hides note under a log. Villian, who has been lurking in background, enters)

Alph.:

Now, woman, you must speak to me!

Pet.:

No, no, I won't speak, that you'll see!
You think you are so awf'ly smart,
That you're the most important part
Of your own family tree, and true,
You are the sap, to give you due.

Alph.:

Now, woman, don't you spurn me so,
I'm a nice boy friend for you to know.
I'm a University of Georgia boy so stern,
And I'll have you know you can't me spurn.

(Sings, Tune: "Don't Bring Lula")

You can spurn Jack, give him the sack,

But don't spurn Alphonse;

You can jilt Pete with the great big feet,

But don't jilt Alphonse.

Pet.:

You're the kind of college guy

That thinks for you the girls all sigh,

But, old man, you're quite wrong there,

They don't even two-bits care!

Alph.:

That's all right, don't be so bright,

You can't spurn Alphonse;

Just learn that, keep it in your hat,

You can't spurn Alphonse.

Pet.:

Oh, just hush that silly talk,

'Cause it makes me want to balk.

Alph.:

Well, you spurn Tech and the rest,
by heck,

But Alphonse aint that kind! NO!

Gur-rel, I'll get revenge!

Pet.:

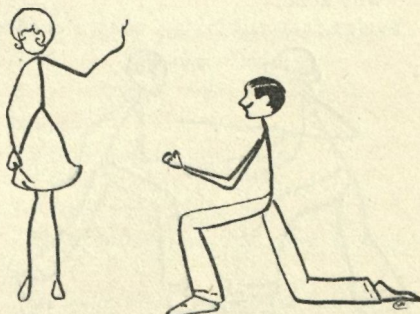
Say not so, sir, say not so,

And me so young and shy? Oh, no!

(Enter Chorus)

Tune: "Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown"

Chorus:



She was young, yes, the maiden was shy,
 Did not have nerve to e'en wink her eye;
 When the boys came about, and to this maid did shout,
 She just turned straight away, and she passed them all by.

Pet.:

Yes, I'm young and I'm terribly shy,
 And this Georgia boy ne'er makes me cry—

Alph.:

Now, hear what I say, I'll get even some day,
 If I cause all your boy friends to die!

(Exeunt Chorus)

Tune: "Don't Advertise Your Man"

Pet.:

You're some lemon, you blab-mouth villian,

Think you are so very sweet;
 You've got a way of bragging,
 Keep your tongue wagging,
 With every woman you meet.
 But another man vamped me out of your hand,

I'm going to leave you cold as ice;
 And here today, I've got a word to say,

I'm giving every woman this advice:
 Open your eyes, women be wise,
 And don't advertise your man;
 It's all right to have a little bird in the bush,

But it aint like the one that you've got in your hand.

Your head will hang low, your heart will ache,

You're just a-thinking what a darling

pair they'll make.
 Take a tip, and hold your lip,
 And don't advertise your man;
 Take my advice,
 And don't advertise your man!

(Exit Petunia)

Alph.:

At last, I am alone, and I
 Can read the note that dame put by.
 (Alphonse takes note from under log)

Alph.:

To Percival Primm!
 (aside) I'll murder him!
 (Reads note)
 "My Percy love, my honey dove,
 Your darling pines as she pens these lines.

I tell you dear, you must wait here,
 And your Petunia Prue will come join you.

Now, Percy, wait; I'll not be late."
 (Sings: Tune, "Ah-Ha!")

Alph.:

Ah, ha! She's writing to some prune!
 Ah, ha! He'll surely come here soon!
 I'll hang around to see them,
 Yes, I'll spy!

I'll hide myself and watch them,
 I'll always be by.

Ah, ha! He comes without delay,
 I'll have to get away.

Those Mercer boys are always picking
 out the pretty girls,

They take the slick-haired shebas and
 the ones with golden curls;

Ah, ha! They think they'll ha-ha me,
 But I will ha-ha them this day!

(He puts note back under log, and
 hides behind an arbor)

Enter Percival and Chorus

Tune: "Collegiate")

Chorus:

Collegiate, collegiate, yes, he is col-
 legiate,

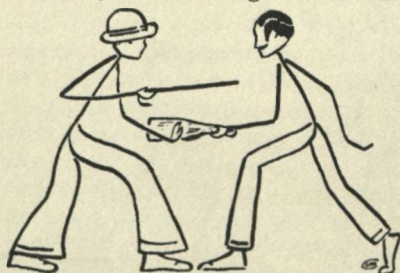
Nothing intermejjate, no, ma'am;

Mercer College is his fount of knowl-
 edge,

Where he gets his polish, yea—

Percy:

What note? Who wrote this epistle
 sweet?



Could it be my only love, my dear
Petunia?

Chorus:

Very, very, very like, my dear sir,
For she was just here, sir,
You're collegiate, rah, rah, rah!
(Exeunt Chorus)

Percy reads note aloud, then sings.
(Tune: "Moonlight and Roses")

Percy:

Oh, Prue, I love you,
Come to me my heaven eyes;
I'll dream of you, dear,
'Till you meet me 'neath the skies.
(Enter Petunia as Percy lies asleep)

Pet.:

I come, my dear heart,
I answer that I love you true.
To your dream, with eyes a gleam,
Comes your Petunia Prue.
(Enter Chorus, dressed like Japanese
maids)
(Tune: "Japanese Sandman")

Pet.:

Just a Japanese maid, dear,
Creeping into your dream,
So you'll not be afraid, dear,
Oh, my only heart beam!

Chorus:

We will take you away, sir,
To old Cherry Bloom land,
Where the lovers all say, sir,
That the birds form a band.
There Petunia will meet you,
Wesleyan maiden so fair,
That's the place where she'll greet
you,
In the balmy night air.

Pet.:

Oh, my pluperfect Percy,



I will ne'er from you part;
Long as you love old Mercer,
I'll remain in your heart!
(Exit Petunia, folowed by Chorus)
(Percy wakes up)

Percy:

Oh, where has my dream girl gone,
Oh, please lady, come back to me;
I'm lonesome, and oh, so forlorn,
And long once again you to see.
(Enter Petunia)

Pet.:

Did you get my little note,
That love epistle that I wrote?

Percy:

Yes, my love, it thrilled my soul
To learn your heart is not ice-cold.

Pet.:

Ice-cold? I'll say that it is not!
It scorches me, it is so hot.

Percy:

Oh, essence of delight, at that
My little heart goes pit-a-pat!
(Sings—Tune: "Pretty Little Blue-
Eyed Sally")
Oh, Petunia, I adore you

Pet.:

Now you're telling just a pretty tale.

Percy:

No, I stand right here and vow before
you,
I'll love you ever, part from you
never.

Pet.:

That's a strong line that you've got
there,
But I've heard it all before;
Each time I meet a Mercer boy he
tries it,
But I would ne'er advise it.

Percy:

Oh, I love you more and more!
(Enter Chorus)
(Tune: "No Wonder")

Chorus:

I love you, I love you,
I love nobody but you,
Adore you, adore you,
Now, believe me, kid, that is true.

Percy:

In June time, real soon time,

I'll marry you, my own one.

Pet.:

Be true, sir, to Prue, sir,
And that is the thing to be done.

(Exeunt Chorus)

(Petunia sits on Percy's lap)

Percy:

Oh, dearest image of my heart—

(Enter Alphonse Applesauce)

(Tune: "Sonya")

Alph.:

Yup, alay-yup, just get up off his lap,
That's what you'll do, my pretty
girlie

Yup, alay-yup, come away from that
sap,

You thought no one would come so
early!

Pet.:

Ah, spare my lover, my heart is
palpitating!

Percy:

I'll not seek cover, while me he's
under-rating.

Alph.:

Yup, alay-yup, just shut up, nothing
more,

And see what Alphonse has in store!

Pet.:

(to lover) Oh, Percy!

(to villian) Have mercy!

(Alphonse and Percy fence with cane
and stick. Petunia takes off shoe,
and beans the villian. He flops.
She counts him out, then raises
Percy's hand as victor)

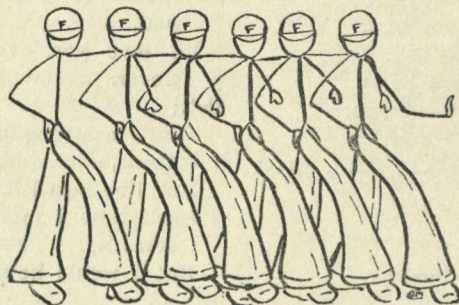
Pet.:

My hero, we're saved by that little
shoe's tap,

And I'll love you fore'er, e'en though
you're a sap!

(Enter Chorus, singing "Glory to
Mercer", and "Glory to Wesleyan")

CURTAIN



REALITIES

(Continued from page 7)

Alden Baldwin, Jr., of Philadelphia.

They started back toward the buildings.

"May I carry your—er—bundle, Miss Callahan?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Baldwin," she smiled sweetly.

Mabel and Jack snickered.

"O, I say—er, this is lovely weather we're having, isn't it?"

"Sure. How's crops with the Yankees this year?"

"I beg pah-don—"

Mabel and Jack distinctly giggled, and sought refuge from Sibyl's fiery glance by scampering off, hand in hand.

"O, I say, those youngsters seem to have developed a slight propensity for each other, eh?"

"Puppy love," laconically replied Sibyl.

Then Kitty and Jim walked suddenly away.

Bob was furious. Was that—that girl daring to make fun of him? He'd have her understand that his love had been a high and holy one. And here his feeling was one of sadness. Had been! Yes, it was dead, for its object did not exist. The attractive picture had led him to love passionately and ideally his fair unknown correspondent. Fair? This—this person? She was positively disgusting with that untidy dress and uncombed hair. As for Kitty, she had quite ignored him. He wondered when he could get a train away. He stole a glance at Sibyl. She was studying him quizzically but intently. His were the eyes that went down first.

She left him in a thoughtful mood. It was impossible, he reasoned, for her to write such wonderful letters. Maybe she was intellectual enough to make up for her lack of loveliness. He had faintly felt that there was something magnetic about her. Well, he'd go to

her concert. Perhaps that heart of her letters would speak to him through her beloved violin.

* * * *

The curtain slowly rises. The scene is of transcendent loveliness in the heart of a beautiful wood. It is sunrise. In the distance a bird calls. A cock crows. The sun comes up in a burnished blaze of gold. Living things begin to awaken and move. A hush. Then—a glorious creature in a sea-green gown lightly treads the moss to the center of the stage. Her violin sounds in a paean of joy Bob caught his breath as he stared at the vision. Sibyl Callahan is beautiful.

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SCIENCE AND THE WORLD WAR

(Continued from page 10)

yesterday. Death may stare him in the face, but from all sides the hands of science are stretched forth to snatch him from its jaws.

To quote Sir William Osler: "And what shall be our final judgment—for or against science?"

"War is more terrible, more devastating, more brutal, and the organization of the forces of Nature has enabled man to wage it on a titanic scale. More men will be killed and wounded in a couple of years than in all the wars of the previous century.

"To humanity in the gross she seems a monster; but on the other side is a great credit balance—the enormous number spared the misery of sickness, the unspeakable tortures saved by anesthesia, the more prompt care of the wounded, the better surgical technique, the lessened time in convalescence, the whole organization of nursing.

"The wounded soldier would throw his sword into the scale for science—and he is right."

Thus we see that the role science played in the World War was one of no little import for good. And as history records the details of the World War, we see that the achievements of the surgeon, and medical officer find as large a place as those of the strategist and military leader.

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SOUTHERN SCIENTISTS AND EDWARD BARNARD

(Continued from page 16)

liant and thorough geologist.

And then there was Crawford Long, who discovered ether as useful for an anaesthetic. But he, poor man, did not arrange to make his discovery announced previously as a similar one made by a Massachusetts man and his glory, his honor, is divided. But the suffering patient, the pain-wrecked victim does not argue over his "sectionality," but offers a silent prayer in memory of the scientists, Southern or Northern, who brought about the miracle of unconsciousness.

It cannot be for always that science will develop in the west. Our state of Georgia is rich, fertile and filled with raw materials and undiscovered elements waiting for another Barnard to introduce them to an indolent South.

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SOCCER FOOTBALL IS NEW SPORT

(Continued from page 17)

held by the class of Lavendar and White every year until in 1924 in the third match game with their sister class, the Green and Gold, she lost her laurels.

There is no champion in soccer-football, for it has just been introduced. There is an equal chance for each student to make the team, and there is an equal chance for each class to be the champion. Although new to Wesleyan students, soccer-football is not a new game. Even back in ancient Greece, Ulysses watched Nausica and her maids engage in a game of ball, which may have been our own game of soccer-football.

From records it is ascertained that both the Greeks and the Romans played a game called harpastum, in which the ball was kicked from side to side over boundaries. The Roman legions introduced the game into Europe and probably into England, although the fiery Irishman claims he has "played football for over 2000 years." The number of players in these games was not restricted, and the games were characterized by roughness increasing to brutality. Both Henry VIII, and Elizabeth had to enact laws against football as dangerous and brutal.

Women, too, had a part in these games on Shrove Tuesday. In the nineteenth century in Inverness, Scotland, a game of football was played on Shrove Tuesday with maids and

matrons on opposing sides. The matrons were usually victorious, since men in that day chose the strongest and most athletic of the women as mates. This custom of games began to die out in 1830. Even in "olde Virginia" the women played football, barring all fighting from the game.

Our present day soccer-football comes from the English Association game, in which all the plays are made by kicking, without using the hands at all. The eleven players have practically the same names and positions as the members of an American Association football game; there is no tackling, and no roughness since no player can push or even touch another player.

Though there is sadness over the passing of the familiar basketball, yet there is an even greater joy and enthusiasm over the entrance of the new soccer-football.

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THE ARMISTICE

(Continued from page 19)

The cat was playing with its trapped mouse and enjoying it.

Mr. Emory's face blanched, his head drooped, his fists clinched; he wavered—"So little to do and for Joy. For Joy—not myself."

"Make it thirty thousand." And the chief torturer grinned sardonically at his companions and winked.

Suddenly, Mr. Emory's form straightened and with clenched hands he jumped to his feet.

"I'd rather leave her an honorable name than send her off this year."

With outstretched arm, he pointed to the door.

As it closed, he sank into the chair, his head on the desk, his arm thrown over it, and in his hands were drops of blood. He had fought his battle, but as victor—he had signed his Armistice!

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THE PREACHERS DAUGHTER IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 20)

she raises her lorgnette to her eyes and gazes through it, one feels immediately her approval or disapproval. For some reason that I have not been able to discover, she is especially fond of me. Probably she thinks that I will necessarily be an old-maid such as she is. Just because she failed to marry, she does not want anyone else to have the opportunity. Everytime I go to see her, she seems to think that she should spread her propaganda over town through me; so she gives me her views and reviews. She bores me to tears criticizing the evils of this younger generation. There I sit in torture listening to her prating, not agreeing with one word that she says, but not daring to tell her what I think, for I am a preacher's daughter.

I readily admit that many of the things she condemns should not be done, and many of them I would not do. But why is an act "more wrong" for me than for anyone else? I cannot be popular with the young people, for if I am "good," they think that I am angelic, growing wings, and am too good to associate with. If I am human, the older people think that I am a "holy terror" and the worst child in the community.

I admit that there is a social advantage in being a Methodist preacher's daughter. My father's friends are very intellectual and well-educated. Naturally, I am thrown constantly with these people of the highest type. In fact, they seek me out, for they are the friends of my father, and I am his daughter. Yet, this may be a disadvantage, for I am not able to meet people half-way, so used am I to their meeting me over half-way.

Although it is true that people meet us preacher's children over half-way, yet they seem to think that they have a monopoly on knowledge of our traits.

One trait which they always assign to us is naughtiness. There are three reasons why preacher's children are worse than other children. First: the father is away from home so much looking after other people's children and in so doing, fulfilling the saying, "He saved others; his own he cannot save." Second: his children have to associate with the children of his members. Third: it is just a fib anyway. (Being a sedate and perfectly correct preacher's daughter, I dared not use the proper word.)

So as a preacher's daughter, I ask you: What in the world am I going to do?

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(Continued from page 27)

the first floor of Georgia Building.

From the first, Professor Quillian introduced individual laboratory work, involving the use of the compound microscope by each student taking a biological science. The department is now that of biology, in which semester courses are given in general biology, cryptogamic botany, spermatophytes, invertebrate zoology, vertebrate zoology, practical histology, general bacteriology, human biology, heredity and eugenics, embryology, also entomology and ornithology. This is a major department, a credit to Professor Marvin Clarke Quillian and to Wesleyan College.

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ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 29)

and I shall have a hard time persuading it not to cheat me out of the few little minutes I shall have to spend at Wesleyan.) Somebody's books will be lying neglected on the table near the door where mine have spent so many idle moments, and somebody will be walking around the porch outside of the parlor windows to see who are having dates within. The steps that come up from the tea-room will creak as if they are in pain, and I shall glance around me unconsciously for a chance member of "exec" who might be watching, pencil and note-book in hand.

Upstairs, I shall forget that I am an alumna! Nobody must make me think of it! I shall forget that I do not know anything; I shall be a college student again with the problems of the world on my shoulders! I shall laugh a great deal, and shall believe with all my heart that the most awful calamity in the world would be for my class colors to be defeated on Thanksgiving!

I shall go to see all of the friends of mine, and shall try to squeeze in enough gladness in three days to last me through all of the lean weeks to come.

I shall go to sleep in a white iron bed that is the exact duplicate of the one that was mine for four years, and I shall wake up with a thankfulness too deep for words two minutes before breakfast. I shall fling my clothes on and tear down the four flights to breakfast, as if my breakfast coffee depended on my getting there before six minutes after eight!

Sunday I shall feel again the peace of a twilight Vesper service, and the Spirit of Wesleyan will come back to be with me after I have gone back to my work again.

I sat down to write an article on "What Wesleyan Has Meant to Me", but for the life of me I cannot think of one sensible thing to say, for tonight I am going back!

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THANKSGIVING FOR THREE

(Continued from page 35)

minute and began to grow suspicious at her sudden acquiescence. He quickly changed into his own traveling togs with the picture of those clear black eyes before him—

Roddy went down to the front door and locked it and the back door, and seated himself in the car. Presently she came looking very bride-like in Angela's kasha ensemble and close-fitting felt hat. She carried a very new week-end bag and got into the car without a word.

As they started she put her hand on his arm—"Dr. Pritchard, will you drive by the station? I want to get some information for Angela. She's at the Astor in New York City."

Roddy looked surprised but assented silently. When they reached the curb he turned to her with his brightest smile and asked if he could do her errand—Roddy could be so persuasive when he smiled.

"No thank you. I'll be back in a moment," and she vanished into the crowd.

Presently one saw a kasha clothed, slim figure pass through the gates and take the Dartmouth train. A little figure very much alone with its head held high, and its eyes bright with excitement and the lovely mouth drooping with weariness.

Roddy could have kicked himself when he found out the trick she had played

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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

on him. He had only one clue. Angela at the Astor. He drove around to the Western Union and sent a wire—

"Where does Monica Brent live?

Roddy."

And Roddy didn't stop to think that his telegram was quite unusual. Asking about another girl in a telegram to his own finance. And too he didn't realize quite how badly he wanted to know where Monica did live. It seemed perfect years until Angela's non-committal answer arrived.

"Monica prefers not to tell where she lives. Sorry, Roddy.

Angela Gaynor."

Somehow all the zest had dropped out of the world. The only girl who had ever created a spark of interest in him had vanished. Vanished entirely and he had no clue where to look for her. The thing became an abseesion with him. He must find her, and know her better, must see those black eyes smile.

He took a late night train for New York City. Staying in Nortonton would be too great an ordeal. It was a somewhat perturbed and rather discomfitted Dr. Pritchard who took the elevator up to suite 2 in the Astor. Meeting one's newly married fiancée was an experience. He knocked and the door flew open.

"Come right in, Roddy" gushed Angela. "This is my husband, Jack Gaynor."

"How do y'do—" curtly, briefly from both of them.

"Er—" began Roddy. "That is—I hope you will be very happy."

Taking a fresh start Roddy said—"Angela, I hope you can tell me something about Monica Brent. I want to find her. I think you owe me that much. Will you tell me?"

"No, Roddy."

"I tell you, I've got to know. The last time I saw her she looked so tired and lonely. She was alone. Where was she going? Something might have happened to her. Where are her mother

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and father?" Roddy was speaking wildly.

"She hasn't any. She's lived alone with a wee brother for two years. She's not rich. She was the finest girl in college. She did this for me because she knew you would not consider it a marriage and because it was the only way I could marry Jack."

"I am married—" said an ominously quiet voice which Angela could hardly recognize as Roddy Pritchard's care free drawl.

"I cannot tell you where she lives. I promised that, but I will give her any letters you wish."

"No thank you. I'll find her myself."

Ignominious defeat! Oh how it hurt. In desperation Roddy seized on the last clue and looked up trains that left Nortonton at six-thirty. There was one for New York, one for Boston and a local for Dartmouth. He hardly thought she would come to New York; she didn't talk like Bostonian; He'd try Dartmouth.

He could picture her by the sea.

He wired the mayor of Dartmouth;

"Have you one Miss Monica Brent on your city directory. If so please wire me her address.

Roderick Pritchard,
Pennsylvania Hotel,
New York City."

It was almost too easy. There came the answer.

"Monica Brent lives at 884 Commonwealth Avenue.

Andrew Moreland."

Then followed a season of ecstatic despair for Roddy Pritchard. He sent letter after letter, books, flowers, and always he asked if he might come. His letters were never answered, but they were never returned, and the picture of her always danced before him. He was too proud to go to her and force her to see him, but he worried himself ill for love of her.

The early fall wore itself to a close and Nortonton had ceased to talk of

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Angela and Roddy. Roddy had started work in a clinic for children and was finding himself interested in the work. The little children were so appealing—they soothed the ache in his heart.

Thanksgiving grew near. The clinic was giving a Thanksgiving dinner and Roddy was the center of it all. He it was who bought all the turkeys and apples and popcorn. His was the brightest laugh in the ward and the eyes of the children followed him wistfully.

The reason for such joy? In his coat pocket nestled a card with only the words;

"Will Dr. Pritchard have Thanksgiving dinner with Billy and Monica?"

Would he!

Roddy Pritchard opened the door when nobody answered and peeped in. He saw a table laid for three and heard a choked cry from another room. Monica came into the hall with Billy in her arms, her eyes wide with terror.

"Roddy, quick—Make him well for me—"

Roddy's heart leaped at her use of his name and his eyes rested hungrily on her as he took the boy.

"Gently, gently," he murmured. "Breathe a little deeper, littest boy.

Another breath—and another. 'Sonny boy' must have a big piece of turkey. Get me a blanket please."

While she was gone he rubbed him gently on the temples until the clogged circulation became more even. Billy had had a nervous chill. Too much Thanksgiving for one little boy.

Monica came back with a warm blanket and they wrapped him in it.

"He's all right now. Why, heart's dearest, you look ready to faint. I think you needed a doctor!"

Such a dinner! They had become quite gay since Billy was better. Suddenly Roddy grew silent.

"Monica, I love you better than anything on earth. Sweetest, you can't send me back to New York alone. Look at me, Mrs. Roderick Pritchard." And Roddy forgot to be humble and, pushing back his chair swooped a willing Monica into his arms.

From the depths of his shoulder came Monica's muffled voice.

"Roddy, I love you—Roddy don't—You're crushing me—"

"Oh my dear—what a glorious Thanksgiving for me—"

"For me, too—"

"And me—" piped little Billy.

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THE CATCH ALL

(Continued from page 36)

ture. One of them ventured a desire to make some further (perhaps I should say some) efforts along the scholastic line. E. S. remarked that the only way she would ever get her Ph. D. was to marry one. We don't see much hope of ours either way.

There is one joke going around this school about us that we just wish somebody would put a stop to. Peck insists on informing everybody that we used to spell Dr. Greene's pet word "genre" the same as Prof. Smith's pet hero "John". We insist that we stopped that a long time ago.

Some folks work to get the coin
To jingle in their pockets,
And others loaf to satisfy
Their whims and cranks and crotchets.

And some folks say they'd rather play,
They like it, it would seem;
But as for me, I'll spend my day
In just an idle dream.

* * *

Thanksgiving's Day was the jolliest day,
And Gee! how I did eat.
I laughed and talked and was so gay.
And oh that Turkey Meat!

Finally I found my bed
And tried to sleep a wink,
But things seemed funny as I've said
And I could only think.

I felt a fear as midnight came
And noticed my closed door.
Suppose that Raven Poe gave fame
Should give his "Nevermore".

I heard a scratch; my heart did pound
A nerve ran through my hair;
For right before my very eyes
I saw a Raven there.

"OH, DEAR, ! ! " my voice was poor
and weak,

As he came in the light.
"Be still," he said, "for I am your
Raven—ous appetite."

Contributed—Julia Thompson.

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